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Dark night, murder time.



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Chapter 1 by Maria Agustina

It was a dark and stormy night. Rain poured from the sky like a cold waterfall. Everybody was asleep in the comfort of their beds. Everything was silent. Everything was in place.

Except for a dark figure standing behind a tree, watching. Waiting.

And then, it happened.

A silver blaze through the top window of the house across the street. Fast, ephemeral, consistent. Anyone would have thought it was just a reflection of the lightning bolts. But it wasn't.

It was the clear shining of a knife being wielded.

And the hidden man knew it.

Chapter 2 by Jess Ash



He watched with a detached sort of interest as the silver flashed again. Offhandedly, he glanced at his watch. 12:42 AM. Exactly like last week. And the week before. He had begun to wonder about this killer.

The idea of the murderer had intrigued him since their first run-in. Work that night had been slow, he remembered, and he was tired walking home. So, when he saw the body of the first

victim hit the window, he had been startled. He had run home and swore to never take that street again.

He sighed and glanced the clock. 12:42 AM. Exactly like last week. And the week before. He had begun to wonder about this killer. He thought, until he read about the murder in

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Perhaps it was the murderer's style that had drawn him in. The beautiful painting done in blood that had awaited the police when they found the victim. Perhaps he just liked the art. For whatever reason, he was drawn to that street the next week, where he'd seen the next murder take place.

He stared up at the window. It was taking longer than usual, he thought. Normally the whole thing was done by 12:50. He wondered what was different this time.

A sudden movement at the window startled him into reality. He froze for a moment, then dove behind the tree.

He couldn't have been seen. It was too dark, and with the rain...

But he had been, and he knew it. He'd seen him. The killer had seen him watching, and had mouthed only one word.

Run.

Chapter 3 by Wesley C-1



Rain lashed at his body as the man flew down the side walk, into the street, and towards the police station. Glancing at his watch, the man recognized that there were ten seconds until 12:51.

In a panicked manner, he rummaged through the deep pockets of his over coat, throwing anything he could at his pursuer.

9

His coat now empty, he glanced back at the killer, in some far corner of his mind he realized that it was a man.

8

It was too far, the man too fast ...

7

Now utterly terrified, he pushed himself deeper within himself for the speed to escape.

6

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Chancing another look back, he noted that the killer was much closer, and reaching into his pocket for something.

5

A knife emerged, the same one which he had shown such a revolting fascination for lately.

4

He was too tired, much too tired. It would be so easy to just give up...

3

His foot striking a puddle, the man slipped, landing hard upon the cold concrete ground.

2

The killer towered above him, slowly raising his knife.

1

A flash of steel, traversing an immovable course for the man's head.

0

Chapter 4 by Jody Cheng



The sickening sound of a blade passing through skin and bone. The blood. The blood. The blood, everywhere, streaming onto the ground like a morbid river, soaking both their bodies. The crack as the body hit the ground. If anyone noticed a man covered in blood, walking home in the middle of the night, no one breathed a word.

Chapter 5 by Sean



It was like everything stopped, stopped in the middle of nowhere. The time stopped, the murder stopped, the whole world stopped. Sean walked forward, his feet and wondered around. He saw men, ignoring the scene, rushing through the crowd. He saw the killer staying in his murdering position; he also saw a man lying on the ground, his head tilted back. A strange feeling before blacking out, he remembered it was a totally strange feeling.

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Chapter 6 by Grace1517

Death continued to each for me, no, not me, my soul. Death wanted my soul to add o its collection. I couldn't let it take me. Stay alive, I told myself, just a little longer, must stay alive. The murderer looked at me, I had crumpled to the ground and I was heaving, struggling to breath, holding on to every breath I took. I fought death bu he ought back and I was losing strength, and death seemed to be sucking my strength and life right out of my body. I couldn't hold on much longer...

Chapter 7 by Grace1517

Hold on, hold on, I told myself. You have a life to live, this is not where it is going to end.

Chapter 8 by Juliana Holmes

But sadly it was his fate, and there was nothing he could ever do about it.

the end

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